

The Malign Voices

(Poem)

-by Brian Edwards



The malign voices

Speaking again

And again

Again

And again

Like they've got

The clock

At gunpoint

The malign voices

In the air

Unseen

But heard

Heard

But not believed

They've spun

Too many yarns

To follow any of it

Tear it down

With indifference

Let it all
Bounce off the walls
And fall apart

Let it all fall apart
Their lies
And be cast
To the winds

And scattered
And returned
To nowhere

To the four corners
Of the realm
Of nowhere

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